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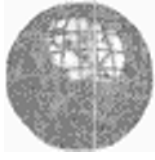

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS	7
Honolulu	7
JAPAN	12
Yokohama	12
Tokio	14
Nikko	16
Kioto and Kobe	24
Inland Sea	24
Nagasaki	25
CHINA	26
Shanghai	26
Hankow	29
Hongkong	32
Canton	35
THE PHILIPPINES	41
Manila and other ports of Luzon	41
SINGAPORE	47
Penang	48
CEYLON	50
Colombo and Mount Lavinia	50
Kandy	54
INDIA	59
Calcutta	59
Darjeeling	62
Benares	64
Lucknow	66
Cawnpore	67
Agra	68
The Taj Mahal	68
Delhi	71
Bombay	73
THE RED SEA	80
THE SUEZ CANAL	81

"CLEAR ROUND"

STARTING from New York in September, 1902, and crossing our Continent via New Orleans, to the Pacific Coast, we sail from San Francisco, on the S. S. China, of the Pacific Mail Line.

We steamed slowly down through the Golden Gate and past the silent guns of Alcatraz, which command its entrance, out to the open sea. The next morning we felt the breath of the tropics and on the sixth day we sighted the Hawaiian Islands, the Paradise of the Pacific.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

The island of Molokai first showed its mountain peaks, then came Oahu on the right; we rounded Diamond Head and entering a narrow channel we arrive at Honolulu.

Honolulu

Honolulu is a city of foliage and flowers. The residence portion has the appearance of a land of country villas, as each homestead is surrounded by

large gardens filled with tropical trees and plants. There are a few broad avenues, but most of the streets are narrow and go winding aimlessly through the town. Among the public buildings are the National Palace, the Government Building, the Free Library and the Queen's Hospital. There are fine business blocks built of brick and stone, also excellent hotels and attractive drives into the country.

Honolulu has a population of about thirty thousand, of which more than fifty per cent are Japanese and Chinese. The Japanese have more than doubled in number during the past ten years. This influx is due to the influence of the sugar planters in the importation of cheap labor. There are many educated Japanese prominent in business circles. The Chinaman in Hawaii is a useful and respected citizen, and in their quarters one sees none of the filthy alleys or unsightly homes; many of them are independent farmers, raising most of the vegetables that are used on the islands. Honolulu has been termed the "Paradise of the Chinese," and unlike the Japanese, they are not inclined to meddle with politics. Since annexation the Kanaka or native Hawaiian, has become a trusted citizen. No other land shows such a rapid advance from paganism to civilization. They are a good tempered, light hearted, pleasure loving race; fond of riding, most every one being in pos-

session of a horse. They also delight to be in the water, as they are excellent swimmers. In character they are indolent, joyous and contented. They are slowly dying off and are threatened with extinction in the course of a few years. Leprosy exists among them and a leper settlement is established on the island of Molokai.

The industries of Hawaii are only in their infancy—less than one-fourth of the land which can be cultivated is now under improvement. It is estimated that the islands can afford homes for half a million agriculturists, and should manufacturing enterprises be started here, the future may show it to be one of the richest spots on earth. There are three railroads, each operating ten to thirty miles of track. Since annexation, steam traffic has greatly increased. At the docks it will be seen that Honolulu is the port of distribution of all merchandise for the islands; on the wharves are bags of grain, furniture, bricks and cement. The exports are rice, sugar, coffee, raw hides, bananas and pineapples.

The most popular resort of the island is the famous Waikiki, the Long Branch of Honolulu. Here are fine private residences, picturesque cottages and delicious groves of cocoanut trees, which were the favorite resort of early kings. There is no fairer beach, no smoother bottom, no clearer water than at Waikiki.

One of the most noted spots on the island of Oahu, is the historic Pali, that rugged pass in the Waianae range; where in the last great battle of the early Hawaiians, the ill-fated Oahuans met their tragic fate from the triumphant warriors of Kamehameha. This famous place is reached from Honolulu by a wide well-worn road, leading through the most beautiful dale on the island—Nuuanu valley—it is always summer in Nuuanu valley. Crossing the bridge, spanning the stream running from the mountain to the sea; passing a landscape touched with the skill of Japanese artists; passing the royal mausoleum where the funeral cypresses bow in grief over the long sleep of kings, more generous than wise; passing the odd looking tea-houses of the Chinese; passing the summer palace of Queen Emma, set back beyond rows of stately palms; passing banana plantations and pineapple fields in the distance, to find yourself fairly in the country. Many have described the beauty and sublimity of the scene from the Pali, with its panorama of tropical plains, valley, mountains and the sunny sea at the feet of the beholder. Honolulu lies a thousand feet below and between five and six miles away. Other towns and hamlets, other church spires and school houses, rice and sugar plantations, broad plains covered with their growing crops are seen, and far beyond the horizon rests the ocean looking like a huge mirror.

Honolulu is tempered by breezes that always blow, and by rain that falls in intermittent showers, and though as far south as Havana, the heat is nothing to be compared with that of Cuba.

We leave for Japan, taking a southwesterly course which brings us into a very warm latitude; after a few days sailing, crossing the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, which divides the eastern and western hemispheres. The next morning at breakfast, we found that the captain had thrown Tuesday overboard, the menu said it was Wednesday. A ship going west around the world, loses four minutes to every degree of longitude. In the three hundred and sixty degrees round the globe, commencing at Greenwich and going westward, twelve hours are lost at this point, and continuing round to Greenwich, twelve more have vanished.

Cape Suzaki at the entrance of the Gulf of Tokio is now sighted; rounding this point we steam up the bay about forty miles, a clear view of Fujiyama is before us, and we round the lightship at Yokahama.

JAPAN

Yokohama

HUNDREDS of boatmen are yelling as they struggle to bring their boats into favorable positions at the ship's side; steam launches from the hotels also bring their greetings.

We are soon headed for the custom house landing where the examination of our baggage is a mere formality, and then a ride in a jinrikisha to the hotel. The feeling when stepping into one of those enlarged baby-carriages for the first time, is that you may fall backward, or if the coolie stumbles he may throw you out head foremost. They splashed gaily in and out of the puddles, and as they turned the corners uttered sharp cries of warning to the foot passengers. On the way we are interested in the people, a clerk or a student dressed in a blue kimona (dressing gown), women wearing dark colored kimonas with a purple or striped sash and children decked in brilliant colors of scarlet, blue and yellow. They all shuffle along in wooden clogs, making an incessant clatter. If they ever run they go barefoot or use straw sandals.

The street Benten-dori with others intersecting or running parallel have quaint, native shops for the sale of porcelains, lacquers, silks and ivory carv-

ings. The ordinary Japanese shop is a low two-story building without windows or doors and open to the street. Other shops have more imposing fronts and upstairs show-rooms. Japanese lacquer-ware stands unrivalled for color, durability and finish, and their colored photographs of scenery and character are finer and cheaper than can be found in other countries.

At night you have a scene with the myriads of illuminated paper lanterns, hanging from the shop fronts, the banners with the peculiar inscriptions, paintings floating from bamboo poles attached to the roof, and the discordant twang-twang of the Samisen or Japanese banjo. The mass of orientally arrayed human beings swarming through the streets produce with their wooden-soled shoes a clatter that cannot be compared to anything else in the world.

There is quite a colony of Chinese here, of a type decidedly different from that one sees in California. Clothed in silks and fine linen, they are of higher caste than the Canton coolie in America. They hold prominent places in the Japanese banks and are strong in their positions.

Yokohama has none of the attractions of the capital for mere travellers, but as the home of, by far, the most numerous gatherings of Europeans and Americans, resident on Japanese soil. The foreign population live up on the Bluff, which is

150 feet above sea-level and commands a fine view of the bay. Charming villas are dotted along the carriage roads of the bluff, mostly built in the bungalow style, with spacious verandas and gardens. The chief hotels overlook the bay and a busy scene is presented to the visitor as vessels enter or leave the harbor, with its wide-stretching breakwaters.

Railway fares in Japan are on the basis of three sens per mile for first class, two sens for second and one sen for third class. Ticket agents, station officers and trainmen seem to recognize that they are servants of the public, and are courteous and accommodating.

Tokio

The distance from Yokohama to Tokio is eighteen miles, and there are seventeen daily trains on the Imperial Government railway. The Shinbashi station at Tokio is a modern stone structure and from it is a five minute 'ricksha ride to the Imperial hotel, which overlooks the grounds of the Imperial Palace. Tokio has a population of a million and a half of people and covers an area of forty square miles.

We turn into the Ginza, the Broadway of Tokio, a wide thoroughfare with paved sidewalks. Here ebbs and flows the business life of the city; and

mingling with the clattering pattens are the mothers and sisters with the babies on their backs, children kite-flying, traders sitting over their glowing charcoal braziers, hawkers of fish, persimmons, cakes, pipes and flags. The coolies with their balanced loads, the blind old Samisen players and the Buddhist priests, the pretty Musmue with her black hair and "pidgin" feet, the sweet little slit-eyed babies; acquaintances meeting with their profuse bowing and salutations; flower pedlers and bird dealers. The funny looking little house fronts and opened interiors; the temples, the tea-houses and the public bath-houses, of this wonderful and ever interesting capital city of Japan.

Following the continuation of the Ginza, we come to Asakusa. Here is the Buddhist temple of Higashi-Hongwan, one of the largest structures of the kind in the country. Further on is the five-storied Pagoda, having wind-bells suspended from the four corners of each story; giving musical sounds when there is sufficient wind to vibrate the bells. The tower at Asakusa is 320 feet in height and the view from it is a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

A ride of two miles brings us to Uyeno Park, the avenues of cherry trees, the lotus-flower pond, the bronze image of Buddha, the old gold gate at the end of the avenue of stone lanterns, the Museum, were all of the greatest interest.

The thousands of jinrikishas in Tokio far exceed the number of cabs in London. Wherever you go you find them, and the 'ricksha men are constantly hailing you, "ricky, ricky." The pay of a 'ricksha for all day is one yen and twenty-five sens, about sixty cents of our money. The roads in the city and country are good, making it pleasant for the rider and easy for the coolie.

Tokio is not only the center of Government but a University center. There are many famous schools here, which attract no less than one hundred thousand students. The emperor makes it his home for the greater part of the year.

Nikko

We leave for Nikko, changing cars at Utsunomiya junction. We cross and recross the Emperor's highway to Nikko, seventeen miles of it lined with stately cryptomeria trees, some of them nearly one hundred feet high. From the Nikko station we ascend a very steep hill, over a mile in length, reaching the Daigawa river, which is spanned by two bridges. The one on the left, painted red and made of lacquer wood, is the "Sacred Bridge" and is solely for the use of the emperor. When we arrived at the Nikko hotel we were greeted at the entrance by three little maidens prostrating themselves in our presence; and we felt like picking

them up, but were too slow, for they were not long down. The next morning with a guide, we ascended a hill beyond the hotel and soon we were within the temple grounds. These grounds include about thirty acres.

Each of the Nikko temples has carved and lacquered entrance buildings, stone and bronze lanterns, stone and wood sculptures, and carvings of birds, dragons, lions and deities. Gates within gates, chapels and temples covered with masses of carvings in wood, bronze and ivory; representing gods, lions, flowers and plants, in fact every symbol known. The walls are a series of paintings and carvings, representing years of toil. The altars and interior adornments are subjects for hours of thought and study. There are a number of sacred spots, a stone cistern of holy water, with an old woman attendant, who threw a lot of it on us, and for which she made a high charge; about twenty tips we had to give before we got out. The sacred pony we fed, and paid for feeding him. An old woman sitting on her haunches was shaking a fan, or the fan shaking her, we could not tell, for it was all very mystic; she then commenced dancing and rattling some tinkling bells over us, and this was the big tip. There are also the Demons gate, where the demons pass out, which was a relief to know, and the tombs of the Shoguns.

Had our long journey been alone to see Nikko the beautiful, we would have been amply rewarded for the time and expense involved.

We make an excursion to Lake Chusenji, climbing the mountain side, with a stop now and then at a wayside tea-house, reaching Chusenji, a mountain village on the edge of the beautiful lake of the same name, and viewing one of the most romantic spots in Japan.

As for the people of Japan, in the words of an eminent man, "This nation and people are the delight of my soul." Where else in the world does there exist such a conspiracy to be agreeable; such restraint of the coarser impulses of speech and act? Such a love of nature and delight in artistic things, such tenderness to little children and reverence for parents, such refinement of taste and habits, such courtesy to strangers? Everybody is more or less well bred, and scorns the man or woman who is noisy, uncivil or exigent. People who lose their temper, swear or swagger, find themselves out of place in a land where even the coolie learns and practices courtesy.

Amusement is universal in Japan, and excepting the solemn policeman, everybody laughs; even the very dogs have a twinkle in their eyes. When you greet a Jap it is "Oi" (hollo). Education is widespread; even among the lower classes is the ability to read and write.

In the Japanese women there is an undefinable something which is fascinating at first sight and grows more pleasing on acquaintance. They have an innate gentleness, and their manners are artless and often remarkably elegant. They have clear complexions, nearly white, among the higher classes. And with their oval faces and slender, graceful forms, they dress tastefully and trot along upon their little wooden sandals; enveloped in a loose wrapper, which they fasten with a thick green or scarlet sash, tied in an enormous bow about a foot square at the back, resembling a cartridge box. In smoking they use the little kisern or Japanese brass pipe, containing a thimbleful of tobacco. The pretty Musmue opposite you in the railway carriage, will pull out of her long, hanging sleeve, her pipe and tobacco case, the moment she has kicked off her sandals and tucked her feet under her on the seat.

One of the great delights in Japan are the children. To the beauty and grace of childhood, they add the roguishness and playfulness of kittens. Their little hickory-nuts of heads are shaved, all except one little tuft of black hair on the top. The streets almost belong to them and they are not likely to get into any trouble; they never seem to do any mischief in the house for there is nothing to break. The mother is busy and the infant is strapped on the back of an older sister or brother.

These little Japanese, with their wide sleeves and flowing kimonas, their gentle manners and beautiful hands and feet, stare at you with their bead-like black eyes without fear or shyness. Everybody is friendly to them, and their innocent ways and merry chatter render every quarter pleasant. The obedience of children to their parents has formed the keystone of the Japanese social system.

The Japanese men are of middle stature, have large heads, but small hands and feet. Their hair is a thick, glossy black, eyes dark, and prominent white teeth. The shade of their skin is unlike the Chinese, being swarthy or copper-colored. The jinrikisha man is a stout, comical-looking fellow, good natured, willing and strong as a horse. He wears a blue shirt, cotton drawers, ending above the knee and a blue handkerchief twisted around his head. Turning corners, his deep gutteral "hei hei," sends foot passengers scattering to the side of the road. There seems constant danger of collision, but it does not happen.

The tea-houses are generally located in a narrow lane, or off a public thoroughfare. The outside panels are slid back and three or four female figures appear, and welcome you with a chorus of "Komban-wa" (good evening). You doff your shoes, and the maidens fairly carry you all over the house, and out on the balconies to see the gardens and miniature lakes; giggling all the time, so that it

JAPANESE LADY IN A JINRIKISHA.

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becomes contagious. Mats are laid, and seated on our haunches, we partake of tea and cake, while the maidens, sitting on their heels smile wisely and prettily upon you. They assume names of 'Miss Pine,' 'Little Snow,' or 'Spring Flower.' The house seems full of them, peeping at you from every corner and the rounds of laughter and strains from the samisen are heard in all directions. In leaving, we sing out, "sayōnara" (good bye); and the girls giggle us out of the place. To see the little girlish steps of a Musmue, crossing the mats of a tea-house, has a grace of special movement, which is something between the pacing of a fantail pigeon or the musical gait of Greek maidens on the friezes of the Parthenon.

The Geisha girl makes up for lack of education by ready wit, perfect manners and entertaining you with games of forfeits, tricks, songs and dances. In dancing they show marvellous agility.

The Japanese are the greatest lovers of the tub and the cleanest of all known people. A Japanese crowd has no odor whatever; even the jinrikisha man, perspiring profusely, gives not the slightest offence to his rider. There are one thousand public bath-houses in Tokio. The poorest may bathe, and they always do; a poor factory girl, making a few sens a day, will, if necessary, go without food to have her one or two sens to pay for her daily bath. The bath is generally 110° Fahrenheit, and not a long stay in the heated water.

In the partition and outside walls of a Japanese house, the screens may be removed by sliding them back, throwing a number of rooms into one apartment; or the whole side of the house may be flung open to the sunlight and air. Simplicity is one of the great charms of a room, and cleanliness and refinement with few objects in sight are the main features.

In their gardens the people love to play with nature, dwarfing the trees and twisting them into fantastic forms; piling up miniature mountains and creating upon them miniature forests; making tiny lakes and bridges for fairies to cross. They strive to arrange flowers in balance and beauty of line. Colors which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers. And their form of growth consists of harmonious symmetry and natural relations. Their preference of flowers is the cherry, wisteria and chrysanthemum. They are also peculiar in their dealings with leaves, stems, branches and even stumps and roots. A great spray of pine, cedar or of maple ranks above most of mere blooms.

The great mass of people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, the methods being primitive, the rice being planted and reaped by hand. Numbers are engaged in the silk and cotton industry. Those who work in wood, produce, in house building, cabinet work and joinery; all manner of delightful

effects. There is a large fishing population on the coast, the waters around Japan abounding in fish, which is the most common article of food.

Except among the lower classes, the men generally wear the foreign dress, and the government insists upon its employees appearing in foreign dress during business hours; which is also demanded on formal occasions at court.

In the forests and gardens of Japan, her green mountains and foot-hills, she displays every variety of landscape. Among the scenes are Nikko, in a country full of lovely water-falls and running streams; with the dark groves of pine shutting in its splendid temples. Charming indeed is Kamakura, with the great bronze statue of the Buddha Daibutsu; rising colossal over the bamboos, oak trees and magnolia bushes, that line the sea bay which rolls in by Misaki point. The verdant hills, full of caves and cherry orchards and temples, and animated by the placid, picturesque life of the people. The mountain-hollows and long hill ranges near Nagoya, covered with lilac blossoms and wild azaleas. Then the island or peninsula of beautiful Enoshima, its vegetation and surroundings intensely Japanese in character; and from the Iwamori tea-house is a charming though distant view of Fujiyama, the queen of eminences. In the spring and fall, Japan is full of flowers and perfect weather. In the heat of summer, one can go to

the mountains of Nikko or Miyanoshita, with its delightful baths and flowering gorges. Kioto can be visited with its imperial palaces and gardens, and its silk and porcelain factories. Or Kobe, with its green hills and water-falls. Osaka has its vast mediaeval fortress and its streets gay with singing girls. Nagasaki, with its harbor serpentining between soft, green hills. Yokohama, with its harbor for good ships that carried us safely across stormy seas.

And Tokio, with its parks of Uyeno and Shiba, and its blossom of cherry trees, in the glades of their solemn groves. No tourist will ever regret the days he has spent in wandering through this wonderland.

We sail from Kobe, hoping some day to return and visit this beautiful Flowery Kingdom. The following morning brought sunshine and a lovely Sabbath day.

Inland Sea

We have entered the straits leading into the Inland Sea. This sea is the most striking geographical feature of Japan and is one of the beauties of the world. It is a long, irregularly-shaped arm of water, with tides and rapid currents, of variable width; and is entered from either end through straits of narrow, sinuous passage and surrounding scenery of romantic beauty. At one time we

thread numerous narrow channels and skirt many pretty islets, with opposite shores not further apart than the banks of the Hudson; at other times we merge into the open, twenty miles broad. The Kurishima channel is almost a whirlpool, and its swirling currents twist our ship as though it were a piece of pith. The calm part of the sea is dotted with the native fishing boats, and the boldly uprising shores are a mass of green, fertile loveliness.

Nagasaki

Monday morning we were in sight of Nagasaki, which is interesting from the very entrance of its harbor. Soon the coal barges clustered around our ship with hundreds of young Japanese girls on them. The girls fill rows of baskets and along a double row of them hand the baskets rapidly up the gangway ladder and empty the coal into the ship's bunkers. Others collect the empty baskets and redistribute them. A more novel and lively scene, coupled with energetic, efficient work, would be difficult to imagine. Sometimes a girl topples overboard, she swims like a cork. These girls are tiny little creatures, quite young, and their work is accomplished with never-ceasing merriment and jokes.

From Nagasaki we sail for Shanghai, a distance of five hundred miles.

CHINA

Shanghai

SHANGHAI is situated near the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang. This great river divides the country east and west, into nearly equal parts, and is navigable over a thousand miles. The approach to the mouth of the Yangtse is indicated many miles out at sea, by the muddy water which pours from that river. A short distance up the Yangtse, is its confluent the Hwangpoo, which we ascend thirteen miles to Shanghai. We are in the midst of Chinese junks, with their two wooden eyes in the prow. For, "how" say the old world Chinese, "can a ship see its way without eyes."

When our ship's launch touched the wharf, a swarm of chattering coolies sprang on board like a flock of sheep through a gap, and commenced handling our baggage with dangerous freedom. We called out in pidgin-English, "plenty too many coolie," and not till a few were knocked down did the others fall back. Our landing is hard by the public gardens, which are an oasis in the midst of the rush, heat and noise of the crowded streets of this great center of eastern commerce. Beyond these gardens lies the American settlement.

The settlements, English, American, French

and German, though on Chinese soil, are, by an international arrangement governed by English and French municipal councils.

Along the Bund is a long line of palatial buildings, including the banks, custom-house, club houses and office buildings.

Shanghai has an enormous trade in tea and silks, in cottons, woolens, opium and metals. The Nankin road is the principal shopping street and leads to the race course. The Foochow road at night is blazoned with Chinese lanterns and the opium dens, tea-houses and gambling dens are alive with celestials. This city is notorious for opium smoking, and one of the largest dens might be called an opium hotel, to which all classes, including women, resort. The smokers are stretched on the numerous divans, with the pipes and little jars containing the drug, scattered around. The atmosphere is sickly and heavy, with about one-third of the inmates in a condition of coma. About one-fourth of the population are addicted to this habit.

Within the walls of the city of Shanghai, ancient China sleeps on, being only separated from the settlements by a moat. Entering the native city we plunge from decency, order and civilization into a crowded throng. The streets are about seven feet wide, with depressions that hold the stagnant impurities. Dwellings are as rickety and shaky as a pack of cards, and without windows, doors or

chimneys. Chinamen, with their three-quarter naked bodies, enormous mouths and high cheek bones, and women with distorted feet, hobbling about in a crippled fashion. The voices and clatter are carried on in one loud unvarying din, it is a monotone cackle without rise or fall, not even the ripple of laughter. Then we meet jugglers, acrobats, fortune-tellers and beggars. With the conditions of dirt and climate, these numerous people packed in such small areas, die off from cholera, small-pox and fevers.

We embark on one of the river boats up the Yangtse-Kiang to Hankow. A squad of Chinese are on deck, squatting around a large caldron of rice, and a mess of salad and pickled fish. Each one plunges his basin into the rice pot, holding it to his outstretched mouth and with his two chopsticks shovels the contents down his gullet, apparently neither masticating or breathing. His eyes start from his head, but he never ceases shovelling save for a second, when he turns to his pickled garbage for a relish. Each day in the river we pass through gatherings of boat, floating dwellings. The fields in sight are sprouting grain of every sort, beans, roots, clover and grasses. We pass Nankin, with its city walls starting from the river. The next point of interest is the ruined city of Tangliu. Then comes Kiukiang, where much of the green tea is exported from.

Hankow

We arrive at Hankow, 700 miles inland from Shanghai, which is the heart of China proper. Hankow is a typical Chinese city and has the usual dirty, narrow streets, and the smells which rise to heaven. The voices and clatter are weary to the ear and brain. We saw a cripple dragging himself along on his knees; the injury being self-inflicted, by tying cords around the lower part of the leg, causing the feet to mortify and drop off, and done to exact charity. A religious show sweeps along, consisting of tom-toms, cymbals, rabble, priests and idols.

There is a charm in the freshness and openness of the country in China, where under the waving bamboo and the cuckoo calling all around the hills, you find the sweet sounds and sights of country life. The wheat is tall and luxuriant, great masses of red clover are in flower, the wide acres of the rice plant, the water courses shaded with the camphor trees or the tallow tree that in autumn is brilliant with scarlet leaves and snow-white berries. The hills, covered with azaleas and camelias. The blackbird and Chinese thrush, making the hills resound with melody; and again, other sounds, when the ploughman, with incessant shouts, urges the water-buffalo, in plunging and toiling, through the deep mud of the rice ground. A primitive method

of irrigation is to see several Chinamen treading a water-wheel and forcing the water up a hill, into a ditch, from which it trickles down the slopes.

The villages are uninteresting, but some of the hamlets on the hills are picturesque. The rich Chinaman's house is surrounded by high walls and where they are distinguished are marked by lofty poles at the entrance gate. There is no attempt at drainage in the villages, stagnant pools are around stirred up by the pigs and noisy geese, and the tables where they eat and drink, planted over this very surface.

The neighboring ocean swarms with finny tribes, of all kinds, for the need of this thickly peopled land. The poorer classes seldom eat meat, except their own home-fed pork. The ox is useful and, according to the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration, is sacred; for in killing the beast some respected ancestor, temporarily inhabiting it, might be slain.

Superstition underlies most of the customs of the people, in the country as well as in the city A long, straight, unbroken line of canal is seldom seen. Such an avenue is supposed to give too much scope for the free passage to and fro of evil spirits. An artificial island is often formed, to break the continuity and puzzle the spiritual influences.

The prevailing belief of firing fire-crackers is,

that it drives evil spirits away. Twice a month, at new and full moon, quantities are exploded and many noxious gases are thereby consumed or carried away. They are ignorant of a natural law and attribute the good effects to the driving away of the spirits.

The old custom of cramping the feet still exists. Women have feet about three inches in length and it is painful to see them hobbling about. As soon as a little girl can walk, the bandages are applied, and the gradual snapping of the instep and crowding of the toes, all but the great toe, under the foot, till they grow into the sole. Various reasons are given to uphold it. They say girls are like willows, and should walk with a graceful, swaying movement. No one of a good family wishes to marry a girl with large feet.

We return to Shanghai and take a steamer for Hongkong, 800 miles distant. In the China sea, we run into a typhoon, the wind travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour, screaming and roaring; the waves lifted half-way between sea and sky, and whirled about in a driving spray. We were in a condition of mingled seasickness and dread over two hours. A typhoon suddenly starts and originates no one knows how or where, and rages over a circle of forty miles square.

Hongkong

We arrive in the harbor of Hongkong, a magnificent sheet of water, almost land encircled, between Victoria peak and the high hills on the mainland opposite. It is to the excellence of its harbor, to the fact that it has been made a free port and to its being the headquarters of European finance in eastern Asia, that Hongkong owes its importance as the principal commercial entrepôt of southern China. Skirting the shore is the Government House, the Hongkong hotel and many of the principal buildings. The handsome streets and houses, on the slopes and terraces of the hills, entitles it to be called one of the finest cities in the East. The Queen's road of seventeen miles encircles the island and leading from it is Flower street, where daily the bed of this street is filled with cut flowers and hundreds of Chinamen, arranging them into bouquets, crosses and wreaths. One of the prettiest spots around Hongkong is the Happy Valley, where you can sit in a Japanese tea-garden and view the harbor, with the red mountains of Kowloon in the distance.

The Peak rising 2000 feet from the water is the popular resort, and is reached by a cable road to a point where coolies carry you in sedan-chairs, to the summit.

The industrious character of the Chinaman can

be seen in the shops and factories in Hongkong. The workers in camphor-wood, metals, cotton and silks give an exhibition of industry surpassing anything of the kind in the East.

In the banks in Japan and China, the Chinamen hold many of the principal positions. They are the greatest money-changers in the world. In exchanges they use a counting machine, of colored balls, which their lithe fingers move over faster than the eye can follow, and soon determine what you are to receive. They also use a flat, wooden tray, containing 100 recesses, each of which is deep enough to lodge a five-cent piece, on which they pour a pile of coin, and with a jerk of the wrist, the recesses are filled, the surplus swept off, and the money is counted.

The red-turbaned, stalwart Sikh policeman maintains order among the coolies in Hongkong. We saw a coolie malefactor led away to prison, the policeman holding him by his pigtail. He was nearly naked, but possessed a fan which he used to protect his head and occasionally wafted it, for refreshing breezes.

We were somewhat annoyed here by the insects. The tree-cricket will worry one past endurance, its chirp is like the rasp of a grindstone and they are locally called scissor-grinders. Crickets are kept in jars by the Chinese for fighting purposes. The winged ants attracted by the lights, wriggle

their legs and bodies, stripping themselves and leave their old clothes behind. There are some snakes, cobras and others less venomous. The Chinese have a terror of reptiles. "Snek," screams a solitary Chinaman, springing into the air with affright, and dancing about at a cautious distance.

The Chinese servants, or boys, as they are called, are quick, clean, attentive and for the most part singularly honest. He will not do any rough work himself, but will see that the hired coolie fulfils every requirement. He is never drunk, never in the way or out of the way, and shows aptitude in matters of business. He will not allow anyone to pilfer from his master but himself.

There is no caste in China such as exists in India; the highest positions are open to aspirants from all classes. Men from the lowest walks in life rise to the highest offices in the land.

All communication with the coolie must be in "pidgin" English. If you ask him how much is this, he does not "savvy" (understand). But how "muchee," he is right with you. In giving him a pleasant recognition, it is "chin-chin" (good luck to you). Or if you tire of him, it is "che-che" (get out). If a visitor sends up his card to a Chinaman during the hot, siesta hours, it is allowable for the boy to bring back the message "no can see," and the boy may add "master say you snobe, missus say you plenty too much foole."

The coolie calls exalted rank a "Number one man." An artillery officer a "Number one, big-gun man." The Bishop of Hongkong is a "Number one, topside-heaven-pidgin man."

The coolie does not like to get the least rain on him; on the way to the Canton steamboat there was a slight down-pour, when our 'ricksha man immediately rushed under cover, and we nearly missed the boat.

We took passage on one of the comfortable steamers that traverse the Pearl river, to the provincial capital, Canton. We pass through a succession of river scenes, until we reach the narrow pass of Fu-mun, and are soon in the midst of junks, cargo boats, sampans, and gunboats. Also flower boats that are richly furnished and the scene of nightly revelries. A typical feature of Canton is the floating population. About three hundred thousand live in the innumerable house-boats, moored in the river and adjacent streams. Their moral condition is lower than that of the people in general. The women, with their babies strapped on their backs, will row you in their boats any distance. They are a hardy race and good natured.

Canton

At first sight, Canton seems one solid mass of low houses, the narrow streets being scarcely dis-

cernible. From the steamer we are transported in sedan-chairs, carried by coolies, into the midst of the hot atmosphere and seething masses of humanity, that crowd the narrow streets, now and then having fire-crackers exploded after us, to clear the atmosphere of the foreign devils. Curious gazers are constantly around us, and we are in the presence of sights and smells that are staggering. The rush of coolies with their burdens, the din of the brass founders, the clatter of the silk loom and the patient stitching of the embroiderers.

What chiefly strikes one in Canton is not so much the temples, of which there are upwards of one thousand, dedicated to gods and goddesses innumerable, but the common street life, which presents a succession of pictures of interest. In the maze of narrow streets, which are utterly bewildering, many of them are shut out from the rays of the sun by screens of matting or boarding, extending from roof to roof.

With the exception of a few wealthy tradesmen, who are clothed in silks and satins, all the crowd are dressed in blue gowns, with their plaits of hair twisted around their heads during work; but in the presence of a superior must hang in full length. The men predominate, and the few women that are to be seen, have large feet. The ladies of the lily feet must remain in the seclusion of their homes or be carried through the streets in closely covered chairs.

There are many places of interest in Canton. The great Examination Hall, where candidates for literary honors, once in three years, compete for their degrees. The Flowery Pagoda of nine stories, 200 feet high and built 1300 years ago. The stone fortresses of the pawnbrokers, built to prevent the mobbing and looting they are subject to. The Temple of the Five Genii, the tabooed bell in the tower of this temple no hand dare strike, for its tones bring disaster. The execution grounds, where criminals are beheaded almost daily (the sword used is very broad at the end, tapering towards the handle). The Mandarin's court, where can be seen the tortures criminals are subject to, to extract confession. The Chinese jails or cages, where squalor and misery appear supreme. The jailer pointed out some soon to be beheaded, and said if we gave him a "dollaree," he would cut off the head of anyone we picked out, at once. In the Flower Forest Monastery are 500 life-sized, gilded images, disciples of Buddha, who have been deified. One of these images is Marco Polo, the first white man who entered China. The city of the dead is a large building, where the rich Chinaman leaves the remains of his friends to await final interment. It is sometimes two years before they select a consecrated spot. In the five-story Pagoda are two King gods, who watch over and bring peace and prosperity to the city. It is the

highest point in Canton and where we sometimes partook of our lunch, having a view of the city and surroundings. Of great interest is the waterclock, which has been measuring time by drops for many centuries. There are four copper buckets, placed one above the other, connected by tiny troughs; the lower vessel has in it a wooden float, through which is passed an upright copper tablet, marked with divisions of time. The watchman at night strikes the hour on two great drums.

In the shopping district are the silk stores, the looms manipulated by hands and feet. The embroidery shops open to the street, the shoe stores with their peculiar shoes in all colors, the ivory and sandal-wood carvers turning out articles that find their way to every land. The old porcelain shops, the medicine stores, where ginseng, cassia, and other drugs are sold; bird's nests are sold by the ounce.

We witness a funeral procession. A man in advance of the corpse scatters small pieces of white paper on the street, to buy up the way, that the spirits may not annoy the soul of the deceased as it passes.

Passing the Tower Monastery, we hear cries of a courier, to clear the streets. A cavalcade on ponies with jingling bells appears, coolies carrying present boxes, and others with banners and gongs. While behind them, in a chair of state, sits a portly

Mandarin, clothed in his satin robes and hat with a red button and peacock's feather.

Fascinating as are the bazaars of Cairo, bewildering as the thronged, narrow streets of Benares, Canton stands by itself in every impression it conveys. Alike in this only, that the days spent in each of these three cities must forever rise above the ordinary level of our memory pictures.

We continued up the Pearl river, to the flower gardens in Fati and then some distance to the Palm district, which supplies much of the world with palm-leaf fans.

The Chinese have many peculiarities. They nod the head in token of the affirmative, but the negative shake is unknown amongst them. They read books from right to left. The Chinese doctors feel the pulse of both wrists. The poorest Chinaman would feel that it would demean him to shave himself; the barber gives a dry shave over three-fourths of the forepart of the skull, which is repeated every sixth day. The pigtail is valued as dearly as life, and to be without it is the sign of a rebel.

During our stay in China we were entertained by several native families, and became experts in the use of the chopsticks, but were suspicious of some of the dishes, for rats and cats were seldom to be seen, and their disappearance was mysterious. We could not shake hands with a Chinaman, as

they shake their own hands; nor remove our hats at first greeting. They ask you how old you are, and many personal questions, in which they honor you.

The busy workmen in the Chinese fields, the Sampan people living on the water, and the teeming life of the streets in Chinese cities, are stamped with their own distinctive character. Taking the people as a whole, their fundamental qualities of industry, stability, and readiness to submit to authority, contain the promise of cheering results in the future.

As we travel south, the heat becomes more intense, and we don duck suits, a topee or helmet hat, use a double lined umbrella, for protection from the sun's rays, and abstain from water, milk, and butter, which are dangerous in these countries.

We return to Hongkong, and the following day sail for Manila, 700 miles to the southeast. This was the roughest passage we encountered, and our steamer, the Zafiro, as she went aslant the seas rolling down from Japan, in front of a northeast monsoon, developed such a corkscrew motion, that it will take a return trip against the other monsoon to untwist the feelings of her passengers.

THE PHILIPPINES

THE lighthouse on Corregidor appeared, and with a sweep to the left we entered the Boca Chica, or narrow mouth to Manila bay. On the left, the coast mountains sloped steeply up; while on the right, the island of Corregidor, with its moderate altitude, stood planted in the twelve mile opening; to worry the tides that swept in and out from the China sea. Beyond lay the Boca Grande, or wide mouth, used by ships coming from the south or going thither.

Passing Corregidor is the quarantine station, near the village of Marraveles. Here was the first sight of our flag planted in the Far East. The tropical foliage on the surrounding hills, and the grand sweep of the bay, made a scene to be remembered. Steaming up the bay thirty miles, Manila lay before us.

Manila

Only the front line of buildings can be seen from the ship, and a chain of mountains in the background. The country around the bay is more or less flat in character.

We anchored out two miles, and were transferred to a launch that took us up the Pasig river.

The river was thronged with huge cascos or cargo lighters—canoes hollowed from a tree trunk—small dug-outs with napa shades and bamboo outriggers, Cavite ferry-boats and up-river boats.

Reaching the custom-house, we were subjected to much delay and informed that when we left Manila a permit must be had to take our baggage with us. We could not get a carromato to take us to the hotel, the lazy Filipinos preferred to sleep in their gigs, so we had to carry our valises and have a Turkish bath. The climate is steaming hot, and the dampness is such that your shoes become mouldy over night. White duck suits, over thin underwear and helmet hats, is the dress. The bed at the hotel is a network of cane, and on this is spread a Malay mat.

Manila is divided by the Pasig river. The old walled city on its southern bank has the Cathedral and the Governor's Palace among its principal buildings. The Palace is now used by the different government departments, and in front of it is a square, named the McKinley plaza. Outside the walls is the Paseo-de-la-Lunetta. On the north side of the river is the new city, with the greater mass of the population, and the active business. The population exceeds three hundred thousand, two-thirds of whom are natives, the balance Chinese and Spanish, with half-castes of each and foreigners.

Calle Rosario is the street of the Chinese merchants. The Escolta is the principal avenue, and is finely paved, but has narrow sidewalks, which are crowded with American soldiers, natives, and Chinamen. The policemen are Americans, who preserve good order and excellent sanitary conditions.

Most of the buildings are of Spanish type, and with few exceptions, not more than two stories high. The windows are little squares of translucent oyster shell, which softens the glare of the tropical sun, and gives the effect of ground glass.

The Lunetta is the popular resort, and is reached by a beautiful, wide drive, lined on both sides with palm trees, and in constant view of the bay. In the evening, this road is thronged with carriages and pedestrians, who gather around the grand stand for the music, and enjoy the refreshing breezes.

Living in Manila is expensive. House rents and necessaries of life are high; there is nothing that is cheap but cigars. We bought a hundred for one dollar and ninety cents, Mexican silver, and tendered a U. S. paper dollar and received fifty cents, Mexican, in change.

The carabo or water-buffalo does the heavy draft work. They must take to water occasionally, or they become crazed and vicious.

The Filipino is of small stature, slender frame, and a brownish color. He will drive a carriage, a

carromato or a quilz, and with the numerous ones, it is difficult to get a ride. A policeman has to be summoned to make them stir. If they make a few cents in the morning, they must sleep the balance of the day. If you want them to do any work, they say "mañana" (to-morrow). Some of them will engage in manual labor, most, however, seem averse to it. Only the Chinese are the workers.

Of all the people in the East, the Filipinos are the only ones possessing a talent for music. Every one appears to be able to play on something. The strains of a Spanish march can be heard issuing from a rickety hut, or a handful of native youth, with their guitars and mandolins, in a tram-car. Every district has its band.

The most important member of a Filipino family is the rooster. No one is too poor to support one fighting chicken. In case the house is on fire, the rooster is rescued first, the baby comes next. On the street they have them under their arms; at work, they are with them. His feathers are stroked down and he is petted and talked to. When he is trained with another chicken, the Filipinos are delighted. This is their sport, their passion—what they live for. Sunday is the great day for public fighting. The roads leading to the cockpits are filled up with the natives, bound for a full day's sport. The pit is the scene of gathering of thousands. Staked out, are the game chickens of all

colors and breedings. On the left leg of the foul is fastened the gaff, a narrow, curved piece of steel an inch long and the point as sharp as the edge of a razor. The rooster is trained to rise in the air, and come down on his adversary, striking him in a vital part. The triumphant cock gives out a vain-glorious crow. And the dead chicken? There will be boiled fowl for dinner any way.

The Pasig river is navigable for thirty miles, and its course through Manila is spanned by fine bridges. One is the Bridge of Spain, an iron structure 350 feet in length.

Cavite is five miles by water and eight by steam cars from Manila. Its population is about eight thousand. The naval station is the special object of interest. In the bay, some of the Spanish wrecks can still be seen.

Along the canals that lead from Pasig river, the native houses are thickly clustered. Lightly clad natives were setting up the light bamboo frame-work of the nipa huts, some tent-like, others like bird cages upon posts, five or six feet above ground. No nails are used, bamboo furnishes a frame-work which is lashed together with bamboo cording. The walls are woven strips of bamboo, while the nipa-palm furnishes a dense and massive thatch, giving a well ventilated structure, with a water-tight roof.

The valley between Manila and Dagupan in

Luzon has a rich soil, and capable of high development.

Luzon contains more than a third of the total land area of the Philippines. Its soil is productive, and yields the greater part of the sugar raised in the archipelago, together with coffee and rice, and the more important crops of the colony. Many of the islands are rich in coal, iron and other minerals, and the forests abound in hard-wood timber, ebony, mahogany and lignum-vitae.

In the provinces, the climate is cooler and drier, and the cost of living much cheaper than in Manila.

The industrial future of the Philippines depends absolutely upon Chinese labor. The Filipino is indolent and employs his time to suit his own ideas; no reliance is to be placed upon him. The John Chinaman will work, and there are enough of him to be had for all the lands and factories in the Philippines.

We return to Hongkong by the Japanese steamer, the Rosetta Maru. We named her the rocking Rosetta, as she rocks even in a calm sea, but this time a northeast monsoon struck us, and she rocked all over, getting us pretty well mixed up. Passing Cavite and the Spanish wrecks, and further on Mount Tile, an extinct volcano, we made the passage to Hongkong in about sixty hours.

SINGAPORE

FROM Hongkong, we sail on the P. and O. steamer Chusan, for Colombo, a distance of 3000 miles. There were many natives and English people of Ceylon and India aboard ship, from whom we gathered much information concerning those countries. Before reaching the dock at Singapore, the Malay boys were swimming around the ship, shouting " di, di," to dive for the coins we threw them. Then came canoes filled with shells and sea-formations. The people of the East are as eager for money, and more likely to swindle you, than those in other parts of the world. The city is about two miles from the dock, and can be reached by jinrikishas.

Singapore is on the strait of Singapore, the principal waterway for vessels trading between China and Europe. It is the capital of the Straits Settlement, and being only one degree from the equator, is thought to be very hot, but the nights are cool and the days fairly comfortable. From the storehouses on Commercial square fragrant odors of spices meet us on every side. Shiploads of pepper, tapioca, sago, gutta-percha, rattans and piles of block-tin, are awaiting exportation.

Crossing an inlet, we come to the Beach road

and the Esplanade, where the hotels are centered. The Esplanade encircles a large enclosure of green turf, while the road itself is a fashionable drive. Several miles out of the city are the botanical gardens, which are the principal object of interest.

The Chinese largely outnumber the Malays. They monopolize all the business, run the banks, and apparently rule the place. They own large tracts of land, cultivating tapioca and other products, also the tin mines, and smelt the tin into blocks, which is a great industry.

Penang

We sail through the straits of Malacca for Penang. The straits are 400 miles in length, and the waters very placid, having an oily, glassy appearance. The foliage around Penang, like on the other islands of the Malayan peninsula, is dense and luxuriant. The growth of grasses and jungle is so rapid as to entail constant labor to prevent their overrunning the clearings. The timber on the Penang hills is very hard, and is used for making anchors for the Chinese junks, while the bamboo and rattan furnish material for ropes.

Much of the land is under tapioca cultivation. The plant throws up a few long, woody stems and leaves, but it is from the root that the tapioca is obtained. The root resembles a potato, and when

washed is passed into a grating machine and reduced to a watery pulp, and removed to troughs, where the fibrous matter and skin are separated, and finally dried in iron pans.

Here, as in Singapore, the Chinese predominate. The Chinaman out of his own country, no longer chained to the soil by the iron fetters of a despotic government, finds wide scope for his energies, and rewards for his industry, and seems to develop into a new being.

Leaving Penang, at the end of the straits, the coast of Sumatra is in sight, and we are now entering the Indian ocean.

CEYLON

Colombo

We arrive at Colombo, where the joyous sun-lit atmosphere and the restless repose of the calm azure sea enfold a land beautiful beyond expression. The harbor is accessible only to small vessels; the large ones are obliged to lie farther out, and land and receive in lighters and row boats. A long pier or breakwater affords shelter for large ships, many of them bound to Australia or coming from China stop at Colombo to transfer passengers and coal for the voyage.

Colombo consists of two parts, the Fort and the Blacktown. The Fort includes the foreign quarter, the government offices, and the stores. The Blacktown, or Pettah, is made up of a mixed population, natives and half-castes, with a sprinkling of Moormen and Parsees. The street scenes are very picturesque and full of color. Bullock carts and wagons, elephants, jinrikishas, and a cosmopolitan population, in brilliant-hued clothing. Numbers of peddlers with carvings in ivory, ebony, and sandalwood, jewelry, laces and gems, the most of the latter being false.

No sooner has the unwary traveller set foot in

the streets of Colombo, than the Moormen rush out of their shops, push a printed card of their firm in your hand, and press you to enter. You are soon seated at a table, before heaps of sparkling rubies, sapphires and moonstones. Then the bargaining begins. They produce letters from distinguished customers who have dealt with them. The least interest you show in any particular stone seals you as their prey, and they will hunt you down for days, always being polite and resenting nothing, and astonish you by accepting a tithe of the original price.

The native Cingalese are of a pure brown or dark olive color; they are slender and have small feet and hands; they wear their hair long and tied in a knot at the back of the head, with a tortoise-shell comb to keep it in place; they have little beards, or none at all. A couple of yards of cotton cloth, wrapped around the waist, is the entire dress of a man of the lowest class. There is no trouble in distinguishing a Cingalese from a Moorman or Parsee. The Moormen cut their hair as short as possible, and wear tall caps that fit close to the skull. The Parsees also have tall caps without rims. The women cover themselves with jewelry, rings on their toes, as well as their fingers; chains, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. This jewelry is made out of sea-shells, carved wood, and sharks' teeth, and they wear two or three pounds of glass beads strung into necklaces.

Here, as everywhere in the East, you are not expected to do anything for yourself, never to stoop or cross the room. One call brings a black multitude, who know nothing but to serve you quickly.

Two miles out of Colombo are the cinnamon gardens, covering many acres, the perfume from the grove was delicious and recalled "the spicy breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon isle." There are twenty thousand acres of cinnamon in Ceylon. An acre yields about 400 pounds; the bark is stripped and fermented, separating the outer from the inner skin. The latter is dried in the sun, causing it to curl. In leaving the gardens, the little, naked Cingalese children gathered round us for pennies, dancing and singing "la-de-bum-de-ra," and "twinkle, twinkle little star."

We had a charming ride of five miles along the seacoast, and through an almost unbroken forest of cocoa-nut palms, to Mount Lavinia, a pleasant resort from the heat of Colombo. About 3000 invalid Boer prisoners were encamped here and were well cared for.

The temperature during the year does not vary more than twenty degrees. There is much moisture in the atmosphere, and with the blazing sunshine produces a steaming heat. The pale and washed-out looking Europeans must return home, or go to the hill-country for a change, every two

years. The climatic conditions produce a low vitality, and with the prevalence of fevers, the chances in sickness are very slim.

There are more crows in Colombo than people, just myriads of them. Their "caw" is incessant and is wafted all day from the housetops or the cocoa-nut trees. They are the scavengers and do good service in the native quarter. A garbage cart, in the absence of the driver, will have a swarm of them alight on it. They will enter an open window and help themselves, if no one is around. At night they all leave, and fly to Crow island, a few miles away, and return in the morning. This island in daytime is inhabited by flying foxes, which have immense wings like bats and heads like foxes.

The municipality does not allow the washing of clothes in the households, so the Dhobies are the licensed laundry-men. They cleanse the garments by slashing them on a stone, and you are likely to have the shirt returned without the collar, or the collar without the shirt. They are also in the habit of hiring out your clothes, besides tearing them to pieces.

We started by rail for Kandy; many travellers have pronounced the scenery from Colombo to Kandy to be the most picturesque they have ever seen. We pass through a tropical forest, surrounded by the most luxuriant vegetation; then for a few miles the country is flat, paddies or rice

fields, and tiny lakes, trees twisted together and wound with creeping plants. Leaving the flat country we ascend among the mountains, winding among the steep hills, and looking down from crags, where the descent was almost perpendicular.

Kandy

Kandy is prettily situated among the hills, but words would faintly describe this actual garden of the whole earth. The walks and drives wind through a jungle of forest palms and acacia trees; their names are chosen from the wives of the governors of the island—Lady Gordon's walk, Lady Horton's walk. There is an artificial lake that has a road all around it, and a small mountain back of the town, from which you can look for miles over the lovely valleys and hills. At the head of the lake stands the temple of the Buddhist monks. This temple holds the precious relic of Buddha's tooth, and is the most sacred shrine of Buddhism west of China. In the library of the temple were curious books of their ancient religion, written on the leaves of the talipot palm, and bound together with silver covers.

The Peradeniya gardens are five miles from Kandy. Their beauty cannot be exaggerated, for sun and soil have combined to make this garden the most luxuriant in the world. From the en-

trance portals, covered with a showery curtain of vines and creepers, stretch avenues of tropical palms, making a green archway above our heads; and growing in thickets on every side, every variety of plant and flower. Groups of bamboos, the curious banyan trees, throwing down their roots from the branches; mangoes, loaded with delicious fruit; the fan-silk date-palm, the cocaine, nutmeg and pepper trees, the vanilla vine. The satagrilla tree, whose leaf changes color by touching it. The yrepas tree, the sap of which is a deadly poison. The different orchids and maidenhair ferns. In this garden every plant is represented that may have grown in the Garden of Eden, and Ceylon's claim to have been the home of the old gardener and his wife seems well founded, for certainly here "every prospect pleases."

Kandy is the center of the tea culture. The tea bush has many stems and leaves, which vary in size and are jagged around the edges. Then comes the tea seed-pod, the flower and the leaves to be picked. The coolies break off the newly-grown shoots, when two leaves have flushed out, so that in our tea-drinking we imbibe almost as much juice from the stem as from the leaf. The green leaves are brought from the field to the tea factory, and spread upon the tea-tats in an upper room, to wither. The withering depends upon the weather, not being so rapid in the rainy season. The leaves

are then put under rolling pressure, and then to a breaking and sifting machine, and again rolled under extreme pressure. They are now heaped together, covered with a cloth and left to ferment. After fermentation they are put in a tea drier.

The cocoa-nut palm is used for many different purposes. The fruit produces wine, oil, and milk. The nuts are made into cups, ladles, and spoons. The old leaves make huts, fences, and baskets, the young leaves make lanterns and decorations. From the fibres of the leaves brooms are made, and the fibres of the husks are converted into ropes, mattings, and mattresses. The contrast of the graceful growth of the cocoa palm, which bends towards the nearest water, to the straight growth of the areca tree, is noted in a native proverb, which says, "that he who can find a straight cocoa palm, a crooked areca, or a white crow shall never die." The areca bears large clusters of hard nuts, which are to the native what tobacco is to the American.

Vegetation never ceases in Ceylon, tea and cocoa-nuts are ripening and being picked all the year. Seeds planted in the ground spring up in two days.

Elephants are almost solely used by the government in the construction of roads. The wild elephants travel in herds, but sometimes a solitary one, in his meandering, does much mischief to the crops. It is interesting to see them bathe in the

river; they play in the water like boys. We were present at one of these baths with some ladies, when one of the ladies jumped pretty high and yelled; a land leech had crawled on her; we left.

There are two distinct species of the leopard in Ceylon. The cheetah is much smaller than the leopard, but all leopards are termed cheetahs.

Ceylon is reputed to have many insects; the white ant is the most destructive. Then there are beetles, centipedes, scorpions and dragon-flies. The land leech is very annoying, when empty they are not much larger than a needle. They drop on you from the trees, or in walking or standing they crawl on you, often producing sores or slight blood poisoning. The natives smear their bodies with cocoa-nut oil to prevent their attack.

Ceylon reveals the very ideal of Eden. It is one vast, green garden of nature, where everything grows known to the tropical world. An endless variety of flowers, growing in wild confusion over hill and plain. The nutmegs and allspice, the india-rubbers, and bread-fruit, the cinnamons, the areca and cocoa-nut groves, the tea plantations and rice fields. The lowliest hut is embowered in palm-fronds and bright crimson blossoms. New life is forever bursting forth. Trees which one week are a brilliant scarlet, deepen to crimson, changing to olive, and finally the whole becomes green.

Returning to Colombo, we find the time of the

ship's sailing to India is delayed several days, and decided to go out the Galle-face road, to a bungalow on the seashore, to escape the city heat. The bungalows, with their wide pillared verandas, form the coolest and most restful places in the heat of the day; and in the gardens, all lovely things grow in rank profusion. The blue clitoria, purple passion flowers, white clematis and roses, blend their fragrance with the breezy freshness of the sunny sea.

We sail from Colombo on the P. and O. steamer Carthage, up the Bay of Bengal, 900 miles to Calcutta. The coast of Ceylon was in sight for two days, and the sacred mountain, called Adam's Peak, loomed up, on which Adam is said to have left the imprint of his foot, eight feet in length. Entering the mouth of the Hugli river, which is 75 miles from Calcutta, we anchored half way up the river, at Diamond harbor.

INDIA

Calcutta

HANDSOME villas lined the left or southern bank of the river. These charming residences announced our approach to the modern capital of the East. Turning suddenly north, the "City of Palaces," with its lofty, detached, flat-roofed mansions, and the masts of its innumerable shipping, appeared before us.

A range of magnificent buildings, including the Governor's palace, the Council-house, and the High Court, extend eastward from the river. They are all white, surrounded by light colonnades, and the fronts, relieved by lofty columns, supporting deep verandas. The Government House is placed in some six or seven acres of pleasant gardens. The house itself is a noble palace, consisting of a great central building, in which are handsome suites of entertainment and reception-rooms. This is connected by galleries with four outlying blocks, in which are the private apartments of the Viceroy and his household.

Starting from the Government House, the splendid Chowringhi road stretches along the east side of the magnificent Maidan, the glory and pride of Calcutta. The Imperial Museum, the Bengal club,

the principal hotels, and many mansions face the Maidan. There is a fine riverside drive, thronged in the evening with open carriages, full of English residents and wealthy natives, which leads back past Fort William to Government House. All along this road, the river is crowded with sailing ships, ocean steamships, and river barges, enhancing the picturesqueness of a beautiful city drive. On the opposite side of the river are the botanical gardens. A pretty lake winds through the gardens, in which is every variety of water plant. There are many fine avenues of palms, mahogany and deodar trees. But the great glory of the gardens is the superb banyan tree. It is only 100 years old, yet its trunk is more than fifty feet in circumference, and nearly 200 air-roots descend to the earth from its mighty branches. Its outside measurement is more than 800 feet in circumference. In the zoological gardens the tigers and leopards, being in their native country, are much finer specimens than seen elsewhere. The plumage of the birds and fowls was of the rarest kind; among the reptiles, was the cobra, a serpent of the most venomous nature.

At the gate, leading into the Viceroy's grounds, we were suddenly held back on the side-walk by his servants, who also cleared the streets, when outriders in red livery appeared, followed by Lord and Lady Curzon, and Lord Kitchener, in their car-

riage of state. Lady Curzon is much beloved by the people of India. She takes an active interest in the hospitals, and all that relates to the welfare of the people.

The climate here, except in winter, is exhausting, at times the air becomes motionless, and the ground sodden with a warm, drizzling rain. The sun blazes out in all its fury, sucking up the moisture in the form of misty vapor. Living in such an atmosphere, bathed in perpetual perspiration, it becomes at last a struggle for life. Then it is that people go out suddenly.

We prepare for travel through India, buying rugs and blankets, as there are no sleeping coaches on the railway. We hire a servant boy to go with us, one who speaks a little English as there is less English understood among the masses than in other parts of the East. Our boy will ride in a narrow compartment at the end of our coach. He will make up our bed on the car-seat, carry our bedding to and from the train, and be our waiter at the hotels. Railway fares in India are less than two cents a mile. There are first, second, intermediate, and third-class coaches. The third-class forms about three-fourths of the train, filled with natives, who are fond of rail travel, and are packed in like sardines.

We left Calcutta in the afternoon, clad in our thinnest clothing, and the next morning wished for

a winter suit, and before arriving in Darjeeling, ulsters and fur coats would have been welcome. A five hours' journey brings us to the Ganges river, which is crossed by a steam ferry. On the other side, an all-night ride by train, and the next morning another transfer is made to a two-foot gauge railway, on which the locomotive crawls 7400 feet up the Himalayas, at a speed of eight miles an hour. The line winds in and out, in a series of zigzags, often on the edge of tremendous gorges; the curves are so sharp that the train forms the letter S for nearly two-thirds of the journey. Our little ten-ton engine is alternately at the front and rear of the train, now drawing, now pushing. The carriages are open and closed holding four in each.

As the train commences the ascent from the plains, the line runs through dense jungle, the haunts of tigers and other wild beasts. Then the jungle gives place to forest, and further on the tea plantations are in sight. Three thousand feet up, the train often enters a dense cloud, but nearing Darjeeling the outer ridge of the Himalayas has been passed and the inner base opens to view.

Darjeeling

Now the snowy heights of Kinchinjunga burst upon the sight. This giant mountain fills the win-

dow of the Woodland's hotel, perched on the summit of a little hill. The whole space on which Darjeeling is built is laid out in a succession of walks and rides, affording magnificent views. From Observation Hill, the eye travels round the amphitheatre, dwelling in turn on many snowy peaks over twenty thousand feet high, and in the center of the whole range rises their glorious monarch, Kinchinjunga. One must positively look up in the sky to see it. At daybreak it is usually buried under a dense mass of cloud, as the sun gathers strength this mass of vapor breaks and the glittering ice-peaks show themselves. With a full moon, the effect of the mingled light, just after sundown, upon the snows and glaciers of the Kinchinjunga range, can never be forgotten.

Nowhere are the Himalayas broken up into such a network of high ridges and profound valleys as in the region adjoining Darjeeling. Simla is in the center of the line of the Himalayas. Darjeeling is the eastern part and Cashmere is at the western extremity.

Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is not visible from Darjeeling, but may be seen in clear weather from Tiger Hill, by an excursion of six miles on ponies or in chairs. We were fortunate in having a clear view of it.

We return to Calcutta, and leave from Howrah station, of the East Indian Railway, for Benares.

Benares

We cross the Ganges river, on the wide arches which span it! over which moves a constant procession of pilgrims, each one carrying a brass water-jug, a rope basket containing some rice, a blanket slung on two ends of a bamboo pole, balanced from the shoulder, and a staff, the badge of pilgrimage—all types, all grades, limping beggars, and haughty rajahs, all with one thought and aim, to reach Benares, the Holy City.

Benares is built on a crescent turn of the Ganges, and on cliffs 80 or 90 feet high. Flights of stone steps descend from the heights above, which are crowned with temples and shrines of every description, in all stages of completion and dilapidation.

The annual visit of the pilgrims is to wash away sins contracted in less holy places, and the muddy, dirty Ganges, seems to bear witness to the blackness of the aforesaid sins. Yellow flowers are constantly floating down the river, offerings made to the goddess of the water.

At the bathing ghuats, the pilgrims are performing the most sacred act of their religion. We see one man wriggling and twisting in the water, pointing his hands together, and bending his head very solemnly. He takes the water into his mouth and ejects it, and placing some in the hollow of his hand, offers it to the sun, the north, south, east

and west, and clapping it on his forehead pats his head very devoutly. He then washes in the river his two pieces of linen, and finally drinks the water.

On all sides were holy men and women, bathing and praying in the sacred waters. The whole scene, lighted up by an Eastern sun, was a wonderful sight.

The burning ghuats are on the brink of the river. The corpse is dressed in a white muslin shroud, and placed on it are yellow flowers (the sacred color). The body is dipped in the sacred water, the face is uncovered, and each of the mourners sprinkles water over it. It is then placed on a pile of fagots, and five times round the pyre is going a man, the nearest male relative, repeating prayers, and with a brand of burning straw he fires the wood. The friends sit around until the body is consumed, and then the ashes are cast into the river. Sick people are taken to the river to die, gaining thereby an immediate entrance into paradise.

The monkey temple is filled with monkeys, climbing and jumping all over the place. At the cow temple, about thirty sacred cows are kept in the temple court; the smells were horrid and not lessened by the crowd of fakirs and beggars, streaming in with their flowers to decorate the ugly idols. They all receive a mark—a dab of red paint—as a sign that they have performed their devotions. The Golden temple is reached through

long twisted lanes, lined with vendors of brass work and idols—stubby little fat gods on wheels. There was no end to the gods and sacred spots we had to contribute to. Benares is famous for its brass work, and the bazaars contain many beautiful designs.

What Mecca is to the Mahometan, Jerusalem to the Jew, and Rome to the Latin—that to the Hindu is the holy city of Benares.

The Hotel de Paris here had an American manager, and we found it the most restful place in the East. We leave for Lucknow.

Lucknow

On the top of an eminence stands a large roofless hall, with big round holes in its walls, and its glassless windows festooned with bright, trailing creepers. It is the Residency, the spot more than any other the object of interest in Lucknow. In one of the rooms is an inscription, that here "Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded by a piece of a shell, on the 2d of July, 1857." The ruins and surrounding garden form a beautiful picture. In the cemetery every inscription brings to mind some fresh incident of the awful defence and relief of Lucknow. Here rests Sir Henry Lawrence. Here are the graves of brave women and little children, struck down by shot and shell, with two thousand

officers and men, who perished by war and massacre, during the mutiny of 1857.

Cawnpore

In Cawnpore are the memorial gardens, enclosing the famous well. The gardens cover nearly fifty acres, and are prettily laid out. Over the fatal well a mound has been raised, which slopes upwards until it is crowned by a handsome, octagonal, Gothic wall, with richly carved panels. In the center of the inclosure is the figure of an angel in white marble, with arms crossed on her breast, each hand holding a palm branch. Over the archway of the gate is inscribed "These are they which came out of great tribulation," and around the wall which marks the circle of the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Sahib, and cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857." A government grant is made for the maintenance of the gardens. The Memorial church is built on the site of Wheeler's entrenchments.

The journey from Cawnpore to Agra is one of eight hours.

Agra

Agra is, without doubt, the most interesting place in all India. The European quarter lies to the west of the city. In the view from the opposite side of the Jumna river, the huge fortress of sandstone, with its red walls, white marble domes, and palace towers, is the central object of interest. The only entrance to the Fort is by the Delhi gate, and when the doors of the gateway are thrown open the dazzling whiteness of the Pearl Mosque is simply blinding. An inscription on this mosque reads "That it may be likened to a precious pearl."

The Taj Mahal

The famous Taj Mahal is, probably, the most renowned building in the world. The road to the Taj, from Agra, passes the ruins and debris of many ancient palaces; and leads up to a superb gateway of red sandstone, inlaid with floral designs and passages from the Koran, in white marble. The entrance gate is a square building 110 feet by 140, having four domes on its four corners, and eleven small domes and two minarets on the gateway.

Entering the gate, you are at the end of an avenue of cypress trees. Between the two rows of cypress trees are two pathways, paved with sandstone and having a water canal, with fountains

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between them. The vista closes in with a vast dome of white marble, posed on a building, whose perfect symmetry and absolute finish flash like some priceless jewel. The thing which impresses you is the whiteness, a vision of loveliness in pure white.

At the end of this long avenue runs a flight of steps to a marble platform, 18 feet high and 310 feet square, and upon each of its corners is a cupola-crowned circular tower, 135 feet in height, with winding stair-case in the interior. In the middle of this platform is situated the Mausoleum, which is in the form of an irregular octagon, the longest sides being 140 feet, and the height of the building is 92 feet. The height of the dome from the roof is 132 feet, and the circumference, 300 feet. The height of the sepulchre from the garden level is 256 feet. On each side of the Taj are mosques of red sandstone, topped with marble domes. The enclosure, in which the buildings are placed, is a garden a third of a mile square, surrounded by a high wall.

The interior is even more striking than the exterior. Upon the columns, panels, and trellis-work of the marble screens, surrounding the tomb, are inlaid all sorts of graceful and elaborate embellishments—flowers, leaves, berries, onyx, turquoise, sardonyx, and even precious gems. The entire Koran is also inlaid in Persian characters, over the

Taj, so smoothly that it looks like shadows on the marble.

Both tombs are of white marble, festooned and garlanded with floral mosaics of agate, carnelian, and other precious stones. Here lie buried, side by side, Shah Jehan and his beloved queen, their tombs enclosed with marble screens, six feet in height, three in breadth, and three inches in thickness; the borders of the screens having inlaid mosaic work engraved upon them. The pierced net-work of these screens is a marvel of skill. The diameter of the dome, from the inside, is 58 feet in the octagonal, and 80 feet in height. A wonderful echo can be heard in the building, the sound of the voice is lifted high in the dome, and swelling through the arches has the effect of a "choir invisible."

When the first platform is reached and the full glory of the snow-white wonder comes into sight, admiration, delight, astonishment, blend in the absorbed thought, with a feeling that human affection never struggled more ardently, passionately and triumphantly, against the oblivion of death. A verse on the entrance reads "The pure of heart shall enter the gardens of God." And the small, delicate letters of Arabic, upon the tombstone, tell that "Mumtaz Mahal, the Exalted of the palace, lies here," and that "Allah alone is powerful."

The Taj is even more beautiful in the silver dress

of moonlight than in the golden robes of the noonday sun. By day or night alike, it makes an impression on the memory that nothing can obliterate.

The garden helps the tomb, as the tomb dignifies the garden. Yet if the Taj rose amid the sands of a dreary desert, the lovely edifice would beautify the waste, and turn it into a tender parable of the desolation of death, and the power of love, which is stronger than death.

The tomb of Akbar the Great, at Secundra, six miles from Agra is, after the Taj, the noblest mausoleum in India. The tomb stands in a walled garden of 150 acres, entered by a gateway of red sandstone. This building has five stories of hewn stone, richly carved, the bottom story being 320 feet square. This huge mausoleum took 20 years to build.

Delhi

Delhi is one of the ancient, historic cities of the world, its boulevards and public gardens, its native streets and eastern architecture, its lofty red sandstone walls, towers, and gateway, burst upon the view on entering the Maidan in front. The chief glories of the capital of the great Moguls are the Jama Masjid and the Marble Palace. The Jama Masjid is without a rival among mosques. It stands on a plateau of rock, between the fort and

the city, is built of red sandstone, inlaid with white marble. There are three stately gates, approached by great flights of steps, leading into a vast court-yard, 450 feet square. At one end is the mosque, 260 feet long and 120 feet wide, crowned with three marble domes and two minarets. One of its relics is a marble slab from Medina, with the print of the Prophet's foot, and in a glass case is a single red hair from the beard of the founder of Islam.

Historically interesting is the Dewan Khass, or Hall of Private Audience, an open pavilion of white marble, decorated with floral mosaics. In the center of this hall stands a white marble dais, on which was once placed the famous Peacock Throne, whose spread tails were encrusted with diamonds and rubies, including the famous "Mountain of Light." This throne is said to have cost five million pounds sterling. Over the arches of the hall is a Persian inscription, which may be translated "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."

Chandni Chauk is the main thoroughfare, lined with shops containing cashmere shawls and gold and silver embroideries. Delhi is a city of merchants and for the manufacture of leather and cotton goods.

We found here an immense concourse of people, to attend the Coronation Durbar, rich natives and Indian princes, Englishmen, British and native soldiers, and elephants, camels, and horses without

number. There were sixteen miles of tents, encircling the city, to accommodate the visitors. We witnessed several of the processional rehearsals streaming through the streets to the music of military bands, braying trumpets, screaming pipes, rattling tom-toms and old traditional war chants or songs of victory. The gold bedecked elephants, the camel batteries with their trappings of scarlet, the spearmen with their gaily painted shields, and the silver and gold chariots of the princes—these were sights to see and wonder at.

A great horse-shoe amphitheatre was erected to accommodate the vast multitude at the Coronation services. And the exhibition of Indian art in the Kudsia garden was a feature of the Delhi gathering. The Coronation durbar and its attendant ceremonials will be a never-to-be-forgotten illustration of the immensity and variety of the Indian Empire. We could not remain for the celebration, on account of time and money. The hotels were demanding fabulous prices, the railways were blocked, and steamships were crowded three months ahead.

We leave for Bombay, a distance of 980 miles, breaking our journey by a stop off at Jeypore.

Bombay

Bombay is the largest and most enterprising city in the empire. More than half of the imports and

exports of all India pass through its custom-house. The European quarter, with the public buildings, is imposing, wide open spaces laid down in grass, ornamented with bronze monuments. The Town Hall, the Cathedral, the University, and the High Court buildings. The animation and picturesqueness of the street life of Bombay, perhaps no other city can boast to the like extent. There are as many shades of color in complexion as in costume —Mahometans with enormous turbans of green or white, and long beards dyed a brilliant red as a proof that they have made a pilgrimage to Mecca —rich Chinese, Parsees with high funnel-shaped hats, which recede in the back, forming a sort of hollow in which is placed an indoor cap of velvet or satin. The Mahometan quarter is quite distinct from the Hindu, as the latter is from the Parsee. All that part of Bombay bordering on the water is called the Fort, where are situated the public buildings. At one extremity is Malabar Hill, and here are the bungalows of nearly all of the official population. Here, too, are the homes and flower-terraced gardens of the Parsees.

Towards evening the whole of Bombay turns out in every variety of vehicle. The drive is along the Esplanade skirting the shore. When the sun is sinking in its tropical splendor, the Parsee ladies alight from their carriages, and grouping under a cocoa-nut palm, lift up their hands in their evening

prayer to the setting sun. Down at the water's edge are some of the venerable Parsees with their heads bowed, repeating in the unknown language of the Zend Avesta, the prayer of adoration.

The Parsees are spoken of as "Fire Worshippers." They are Theists. God, according to the Parsee faith, is the emblem of glory, refulgence, and spiritual life; and therefore the Parsee, when praying, either faces the sun, or stands before fire, as the most fitting symbol of the Deity. The interiors of their temples are entirely empty, except for the sacred fire in a small recess, which is never allowed to expire. There is no pleasanter sight in Bombay than the groups of pious Parsees praying at sunset along the shores of Back bay.

The Parsee cemetery on Malabar Hill is known as the "Towers of Silence." They have surrounded this gruesome place with every charm of natural beauty, to dispel the gloomy impression of the method of their disposal of the dead. Half hidden among the trees are these strange towers, eighty feet in diameter and twenty feet high, round the summit of them are rows of loathsome vultures. These birds are still and silent until a funeral appears at the gate, when they begin to stir. The corpse bearers enter the tower with the dead body which they expose naked on the platform erected inside. The moment they withdraw the vultures drop silently down into the tower, and in ten min-

utes have stripped every particle of flesh off the corpse. The skeleton remains three or four weeks exposed to the tropical sun, when the bleached bones are reverently placed in a center well, within the tower, where Parsees of high and low degree, are left to turn into dust.

The human life of Bombay differs from that of every other Indian city, by the dominating element of the Parsees, who, by their energy, education, and enterprise, have become the most important and powerful influence in the Bombay Presidency. Their good deeds are in evidence over the city, and by no means confined to their own people.

Almost every art manufacture may be purchased in the native quarter, which lies right and left of Rahman street, beyond the Crawford markets. The shops are frontless, and the bargains driven on the parapet in front. In India everything is hand-wrought, and is therefore a work of art. The narrow cross streets, in which the various trades group themselves, are blocked with a noisy, good humored crowd of men and women, innumerable ox-carts, fakirs, peddlers, beggars, dogs, crows and pigeons. The workers in brass and copper, the hand-loom weavers, the wood-carvers, the inlaid work in glove boxes and card cases, the ivory and tortoise shell, worked into ornaments of fans, bracelets, elephants, and peacocks, and the silks and gold embroideries. There are more than six thou-

sand goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in precious stones scattered over Bombay. Every Indian has a love of jewelry, and a wealthy Hindu often has twenty or thirty thousand pounds worth in his safe, for the decoration of himself and the ladies of his household. The poor also choose this form of investment, and it is a common thing to see a woman with gold and silver bangles and armlets of considerable value sweeping the streets.

The Dhobies in Bombay are similar to those in Ceylon. Destruction is so much easier than construction, so the Dhobie, dashing the cambric and fine linen against the stones, shattering a button, fraying a hem, or rending a seam at every stroke. He stands before that great black stone and wreaks his rage upon shirt and trousers, then he wrings them as if he was wringing the neck of a rooster, and finally takes the battered garments and plows them with his iron, longwise and crosswise, and while he has successfully wrecked the garment, he has overlooked the dirt. Your shirt has the buttons off, buttonholes widened and the cuffs ragged, while the collar becomes a circular saw, which threatens to take your head off.

Christmas in Bombay is to the European residents and the educated natives about what we have at home, except the weather. The stores filled with holiday goods, and thronged with the little ones and their parents making purchases. Chris Kingle

was here and many of the households had their Christmas trees. We spent most of the day under the palms in the hotel garden, for the temperature was 88°. Our hotel was decorated with palm leaves, plants, cut flowers, and flags, with "old glory" in the center. Our boy had learned the words "Merry Christmas," and he yelled it at us in the morning when he brought to our room the chota-hazaree (tea and toast). The coolies at the hotel entrance were shrieking "Christe, Christe," and the little bootblacks on the street took it up, but we had to draw the line. The latter followed us down the Apollo Bunder, "black shoe, father?" "Papa, your boots are dirty," "clean shine, papa." Instantly a dozen brushes struck your shoe, and then a fight who should have the job.

The Hindustani is the common language of the country, but there are many dialects. Four-fifths of the population are divided into the different castes. Sanitary measures cannot be enforced in the villages, the people think their religion is interfered with and then comes a riot. The garrisons of India contain 85,000 British and 200,000 native soldiers.

India is a country having every description of climate, scenery, people, language and manners—its numerous races, divisions, and religions. Its mixed population—the castes, and all varying in language and character—the mild, the warlike, the

savage and civilized. The wealthy and enterprising Parsee, the educated Hindus of Calcutta and Madras, the bigoted, crafty Brahman, the Arab, the superstitious pilgrim, and, lastly, the wild man of the woods.

With every variety of landscape, there is every temperature; from the sweltering heat at Cape Comorin, to the severe cold of the Himalayas. There are torrid regions in which the palm and the bamboo flourish in perpetual green, and elevated slopes with wintry desolations, where only mosses and hardy pines can live.

India is wonderful, not only in its scenery and history, but its influence on other parts of the world. Men who have never been in India have had their minds widened by the magnitude of its interests, and have shown as much familiarity with its scenery and people, as they could have done if they had visited the palaces of Agra and the marts of Bombay.

We now start homeward from the Ballard pier, in Bombay. We pass an examination by the doctor, that we have not been recently in any of the plague districts, before he gives us a permit to leave. We go aboard the launch that steams us out to the P. and O. steamer Egypt. The passage to London is 21 days. Our ship will be quarantined for ten days, and those landing at Aden or Suez will be put in the local quarantine. We were

to sail at 2 p. m. but were delayed to 7 p. m., waiting for the Calcutta mail. The English battleship Renown has just arrived, flying the Royal Standard, indicating royal passengers aboard, who proved to be the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on their way to the Durbar. They left the ship on a launch to go ashore, amid the booming of the ship's guns, and those from the fort. There was much waste of powder.

We crossed the Arabian sea about 1800 miles to Aden, which is surrounded by precipitous rocks, and as far as the eye can reach only barren waste hills. The heat here is intense, and the water supply is from the distillation of sea-water. Through the Gulf of Aden, we pass the island of Perim, which is at the entrance to the Red Sea.

THE RED SEA

As usual the passage through the Red Sea was a hot one and many had to sleep on deck. The heat is due to an almost cloudless sky and consequent want of rain; also the altitude of the sun, and the absence of rivers. The length of this sea is 1200 miles, and along its coast is Jeddah, the port of Mecca, and Yembo, the harbor of Medina. Nearing the Gulf of Suez the peninsula of Sinai appears, and among the steep and jagged summits Mount Sinai is conspicuous.

THE SUEZ CANAL

We anchored in the roads, about one mile from the entrance of the canal. Its length is 100 miles, width 150 to 200 feet, and depth 28 to 30 feet. It passes through four lakes, and at intervals of five or six miles sidings or side basins are provided, to enable ships to pass. The average time of passage is sixteen hours. The sandy nature of the soil, the currents, the disturbing influence by the continual movement of vessels, and the excessive saltness of the water, all tend to limit and retard progress through the channel. Dredging machines are constantly at work. Signal buoys are at intervals all the way, four balls is to stop and let another ship pass. At night electric lights are used. Near the central part of the canal is Ismalia, one of the fifteen stations. On all sides as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but the trackless desert. Only along the banks caravans are in sight, the camels resting, and the Bedouins yelling to us for "baksheesh." Our ship still being quarantined, we had with us through the canal, four international officers, to prevent any one from leaving the vessel. The toll on our ship for this passage amounted to two thousand pounds sterling.

In the Mediterranean, we pass the island of Crete, the mountain tops being snow-capped, a novel sight and a chilling one to us coming from the

tropics. We steam through the straits of Messina, with Mount Etna in view, and at night pass Stromboli, belching forth its volcanic fire. Then through the straits of Bonifacio, rounding Sardinia, with Corsica on our right. Arriving at Marseilles, where we take on passengers and cargo. Passing through the Gulf of Lyons, and then in sight of the Spanish coast, we anchor at Gibraltar to receive the home mail. And now a passage through the Bay of Biscay, and up the English channel to London, and by rail to Liverpool, and aboard the Teutonic, of the White Star Line, to New York.

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